

THREE IS COMPANY PART 1 SEX GAMES

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Mother discovers sexual ecstasy with her eighteen year old son

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THREE IS COMPANY

PART 1

SEX GAMES

It happened the summer of Rex and Sharon's eighteenth year.

I have always looked forward to the arrival of hot weather. I have always been something of an exhibitionist. I love to wear mini skirts that show off my long slender legs and firm, muscular thighs, with nothing on under them except for a skimpy g-string. I love to wear thin cotton blouses open to show a lot of cleavage. I never wear a bra. I haven't worn a bra since my titties became big enough and firm enough to fill my blouses out without help. My mother, a very sexy lady in her own right, always told me as I was growing up, "if you have it, flaunt it," and at forty, I still had it. People that didn't know me took me to be a girl in her late twenties and they still asked me for ID when I go out for a drink or two after work.

Hot weather also makes me very horny. Fortunately, my mother also told me to enjoy all the pleasures that my body had to offer me. That was a good thing until my husband left me for a less sexually needy girl shortly after my twins were born. I never remarried because no one guy could ever get it up often enough or keep it up long enough to satisfy me sexually, especially not during the long, hot summers. I had often wondered what it would be like to get it on with anyone that turned me on, the problem was that I was firmly convinced that I couldn't really let myself go completely with anyone that I didn't love or with anyone that didn't truly love me.

During the long hot summers, clothing was optional around our country home. I ran around in sheer Babydoll outfits that left very little to the imagination. The thin gossamer fabric stretched tautly across my firm titties revealed my large, ruddy-colored nipples and silver dollar sized aureole to anyone who cared to look. On night when I'm especially horny, even the silky fabric of my Babydoll tops irritates my super-sensitive nipples. On nights like that, I swap my Babydoll top for a cotton blouse unbuttoned halfway down to my bellybutton. Sharon ran around in tee shirts and panties until she filled out in all the right places and then she started wearing Babydoll outfit even more sheer than mine. Rex ran around in loose fitting boxer shorts.

The sexual tension had been building up between the three of us for years but I didn't surrender to it until an unseasonably hot and humid Friday night in June. Like every night when Sharon was out on a date, which was most nights, we settled down in the family room after dinner to watch a little television. We really didn't watch much television because we were more interested in making love to each other with our eyes and see who could send the other scurrying off to masturbate first. As I settled down on the small sofa, Rex would settle down in an armchair diagonally across from me. My son had become an expert at turning me on with his eyes. He would let eyes slide slowly, caressingly up my long legs and sensitive inner thighs. My body responded to his eyes as it would to feathery light touches of an expert lover. As his eyes slid slowly higher and higher towards my quivering pussy, they left a fiery trail in their wake. As his eyes pushed the sopping wet fabric of my g-string aside, he would lick his lips and I could feel his tongue flicking across my throbbing little clit. I could feel him lick his way up over my quivering belly to take the tie of my Babydoll top in his teeth and pulling it open. By now, my nipples were always so hard that the soft gossamer fabric pressing against them was unbearably painful and I always had to fight the urge to take my top off. That night I didn't resist.

Rex's eyes widened as I stood up and stripped off my Babydoll top and tiny g-string. Kneeling before him, I pulled off his shorts, freeing his huge, rampant hard on. His shaft was even bigger than I had pictured it to be, his rod was as long and as thick as my forearm. Cupping his tennis ball size balls in my hand I could feel his jism swirling around inside his sac preparing to erupt like the waters of Old Faithful. I took his cock in my hand and pumped it slowly to keep him hard yet not fast enough to make his shoot his wad.

"Rex, honey...does this feel good?"

"Oh, damn. Oh...yes, mom. Oh, God I need to cum so fucking bad. Please make me cum, mom."

"Call me Cindy, honey. I want you to call me Cindy from now on."

"I want you to cum inside me, Rex. I want to feel you all the way inside me. I want you to work that thing in and out of me so hard and so fast that I'll cum so hard and so long that I'll feel as if I'll never stop cumming."

With that, Rex swept me up in his arms, carried me into his room, and laid me gently down on his bed. Kneeling on the bed, he hooked my legs over his shoulders and slid his throbbing shaft inside my sopping wet hole. Inch by inch he slid it further and further inside me until his hairy balls rested against my ass. After giving my body a moment to get use to having him inside me, he started moving slowly.

Leaning forward he took my painfully erect nipples between his teeth, nibbling on them gently, stretching them as his tongue flicked across them and swirled around the. I moaned in pleasure as I felt them growing even longer and harder than before.

"Jesus, sweetheart...where did you learn to make love like this? Jesus, don't answer that. I don't care as long as you don't ever stop making love to me. Oh, honey, I've needed this for so fucking long..."

"God. Mo...Cindy, I've wanted to make love to you for such a long time. I'll never stop making love to you, I promise."

Rex started ramming his shaft in me faster and faster now and I was soaring higher and higher towards what I hoped would only be my first orgasm of the night. Then, just as I peaked and was about climax, Rex stopped moving inside me and held me there, not moving again until I felt my orgasm slipping away from me. Over and over again, he brought me to my peak of arousal and held me there without letting me cum. Each time I could tell that my orgasm was going to be more violent than the last one would have been. I couldn't take it any more. I needed to cum.

"Honey...you're killing me. Let me cum...please...."

Rex stayed motionless a moment longer and then started pounding me into the mattress. With each mighty stroke, our pubic bones met with a resounding smack. He would pull out of me until just his huge knob remained inside me and then plunge it home again. I dug my long nails into his shoulders and started to cry as I found myself racing to heights of arousal that I had never known with any man. My own hips were flying up to meet his thrust for thrust. When my climax finally came, it took me by total surprise and I screamed loud enough for our nearest neighbors five miles away to hear.

Seconds later I felt the first spurt of my darlings hot jism strike deep inside me. With each spurt, a new wave of orgasms rolled over me like mighty waves breaking over a rocky shore. I felt as if I had died and went to sexual heaven. Rex stayed with me until the last wave rolled over me and then we collapsed into each other's arms. Either I fell asleep right away or I must have passed out from the pleasure of experiencing my first true multiple orgasms because dawn was breaking when I opened my eyes. I was still in bed with Rex and he was still inside me. He had wrapped his arms and legs around me to hold me close and to keep from slipping out of me.

As I became more aware of what was going on I realized that he was already hard. We made love again, this time slowly, lovingly. Afterwards we lay in each other's arms and talked like an old married couple.

What the future held in store for us I didn't know and I didn't care as long as we were together.